

Commodore
AMIGA

TIME BANDIT

BY BILL DUNLEVY & HARRY LAFNEAR
AMIGA CONVERSION BY TIM PURVES.



VOTED BEST GAME EVER BY
BYTE MAGAZINE

microdeal

TIME BANDIT

TREASURES, ADVENTURES, AND TREACHERY TOO

By Bill Dunleavy & Harry Lafnear



**KING'S CROWN
IN SINGLE PLAYER MODE.**



**GHOST TOWN IN
TWO PLAYER MODE.**

'Time was running out! It does, you know, even for time travellers. I ran through the crumbling halls of a forgotten castle, the musty grip of ancient, medieval air tight in my gasping throat. I had been running for what seemed to be an eternity.

Running from hideous beasts from the darkest of legends.

I already had one of the great Keys in hand, its reassuring edge gouging flesh in the strength of my grip. My final goal was painfully close, but so were the razor claws of the shambling nightmares in my pursuit. I could not pause for an instant in defence, for an even deadlier foe was tracing my path through the winding halls. He would surely find me if I lingered an instant longer. I turned the final corner, diving toward the last lock blocking the escape. I anticipated the rainbow flash of time displacement and the heavy smell of ozone soon to be my reward. But with a terror that no mortal may ever know, I saw another Bandit emerging from the doorway ahead: my partner in Time! We'd had disagreements in the past (the present and the future aswell) but I felt sure that I'd finally run out of time.

Leaving barely a heartbeat's time to consider my fate, he fired. The resounding blast of impact rockets spilt the fabric of space, racking my body with pain and the sure knowledge of slow disintegration. But I endured, steadied myself, and fired back. My missiles roared with untamed energy, bouncing off walls and cracking the air, a few to rest hungrily upon his armour. When the smoke cleared, I was alone. As for my partner, nothing but his shadow remained.

Stumbling forward, I inserted the great Key into the lock. I stepped into the Way Out, returning home at last. But at the Timegates there can be no rest. Great wealth and adventure are scattered throughout the lands, but only for those willing to seize it! Where next! Ghost Town? Omega Complex? Walking quickly through the maze of portals, I chose one and entered, welcoming my next adventure...

© COPYRIGHT 1988 MICRODEAL

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Made in England

USA OFFICE

576 S. Telegraph, Pontiac, MI 48053

Tel: (313)-334-8726

BBS: (313)-332-5452

microdeal

UK OFFICE

PO Box 68, St. Austell, Cornwall

Telephone: 0726 68020.

Telex: 45218 MICROD G